

Getting close to Dr. Lecter wihtout premission

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Getting close to Dr. Lecter without premission

by [shoebox_tomboy](#)

Summary

Franklyn's fixation on Dr. Lecter is getting worse, but he doesn't see it that way. He just wants to know Dr. Lecter, to be his friend, be close to him and not feel so lonely. He wants to touch greatness, Dr. Lecter's greatness. So Franklyn decides to take action and comes up with a plan.

Basically Franklyn starts stalking his psychiatrist. Hannibal is less than pleased. But can't keep from flaunting Will in Franklyn's face to really rub it in.

A night at the opera

Chapter Summary

Franklyn starts his attempts to get more up close and personal with Dr. Lecter. Showing an interest in things that the other person likes is a good start, right? Franklyn makes an educated guess as to one of Hannibal's passions and finds himself lucky enough to catch a glimpse of a more private side of the good doctor.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Franklyn had a plan and he was determined to show Dr. Lecter that they could be friends, good friends even. And the way he was going to do that was by making the man see how much they had in common. Dr. Lecter was a man of great taste and Franklyn hoped to show that he was too. Franklyn admired Dr. Lecter and wanted to get his attention, his respect and approval, maybe even his love.

That was why he invited Tobias to the opera with him. The plan was simple: Franklyn hoped to run in to Dr. Lecter and strike up a casual conversation, in which he would bond with the psychiatrist over their shared interest and love off the arts and all good things in life such as wine and cheese. Then the man would surely see what a great friend Franklyn could be to him.

Actually Franklyn didn't really know much about opera other than that it was beautiful and high art and therefor he was convinced he would love it once he went to the opera and experienced it for himself. Franklyn loved a lot of things that he had only heard of because it was things that he thought he should love. He was sure that someone like Dr. Lecter had more than heard of all of those things and probably loved them because he had experienced them. They could share that love and experience those things together. Yes, he would make him see and that would be the start of a wonderful friendship.

Franklyn could not be absolutely certain that Dr. Lecter would be at the opera that very night but he had hope. And if not then he would make sure to mention going to the performance at his session next week. It was sure to make a good impression.

And it turned out that Franklyn was in luck. Dr. Lecter was indeed there, seated a few rows ahead for Franklyn and Tobias. Franklyn tried to discretely sneak little peeks at the good doctor during the performance but he failed any attempt at being subtle.

When the intermission came he searched for the psychiatrist in the crowd. The good doctor was immaculate as ever and fully a home in the center of attention of a group of opera patrons, all of them seemed to be important enough to regularly dine at Dr. Lecters house.

From what Franklyn could catch of the conversation Dr. Lecter was a passionate and skillful chef. 'A show' the woman called it so Franklyn thought that it must be really impressive to watch. And he was being philosophical about the very nature of the relationship between food and the nourishment of the soul. Franklyn had never dreamed that he would hear Dr. Lecter speak so poetically, it was all he could do to listen in awe.

"I believe this young man is trying to get your attention", said the woman Dr. Lecter had been speaking to.

"Hello", Dr Lecter said and held out his hand to Franklyn.

"Hi. It's so good to see you." Franklyn shook the doctors hand, feeling a bit silly. He saw the man every goddamn week, it shouldn't feel as awkward as it did. Franklyn nearly apologized for his clammy hands. "This is my friend Tobias", he said instead. Tobias and Dr. Lecter shook hands a little less awkwardly.

"How do you two know each other?" The woman immediately asked.

"There should remain some mystery to my life outside of the opera", Dr. Lecter smiled, smartly sidestepping the question.

"I'm one of his patients", Franklyn announced with a proud smile. He failed to notice the less than pleased expression that flickered over the face of his psychiatrist. Dr. Lecter reluctantly introduced Mrs Komeda and her husband to Franklyn and Tobias.

"Did you enjoy the performance?"

"I did. Loved it!" Franklyn exclaimed before Tobias could open his mouth. "Every minute."

"His eye's kept wandering", Tobias commented rather sourly as he eyed Dr. Lecter, as if looking for something anything to take offense with. "More interested in you than what's happening onstage."

"Don't say to much. Must leave something for us to discuss next week", the psychiatrist joked, trying to set Tobias displeasure at ease.

Franklyn hardly noticed that another man came towards them until Dr. Lecter turned to address him.

"Ah, Will", Dr. Lecter said to the newcomer with a smile. "Won't you join us please?"

Franklyn eyed the man as he stepped in closer, answering the good doctor's smile with a crooked one of his own. He was young with a clean-shaven face, brown curly hair and blue eyes behind thin framed glasses and he seemed vaguely familiar thou Franklyn couldn't remember ever seeing him before. He didn't often meet such beautiful looking people in real life, other than Dr. Lecter of course. Franklyn would had to have been blind to not notice his therapist's blindingly good looks.

The newcomer wore an obviously tailor made tuxedo and held a tumbler of amber liquid in one hand, which struck Franklyn as a little odd. Did people really drink whisky when going

to the opera or was Dr. Lecter simply indulging the young man by not commenting on his choice of drink? On the other hand, it would probably be impolite to comment on it and Dr. Lecter would never be impolite. And Franklyn felt a sting over his own lack of knowledge on proper etiquette in this case. Perhaps he should also have gotten a drink?

The young man didn't look all that comfortable in formal wear, contrary to the fine cut of his tux. And the way he ducked his head while looking up at Dr. Lecter made him seem almost bashful. Still the psychiatrist beamed at him, focusing all of his attention on the young man as he stood beside the good doctor. Oh, what Franklyn wouldn't give to bask in such glorious attention! To be fortunate enough to stand next Dr. Lecter in his perfect tuxedo and have him smile at Franklyn like that would be truly the stuff of dreams.

Franklyn itched to find out just who he was and what exactly he was to Dr. Lecter. But before he could open his mouth to ask he heard Mrs Komeda say, "Is this also one of your mysteries, Hannibal?"

Dr. Lecter chuckled and the man raised an eyebrow curiously. "No, he is certainly not. Let me intrude Will Graham." Mr Graham gave a small smile and a nod of acknowledgement before taking a sip of his drink. Franklyn got the impression that Mr Graham was there as Dr. Lecter's companion this evening, but he wasn't sure. It could be a date but Franklyn hesitated to assume anything, two friends going to the opera was exactly what he and Tobias was after all.

"Then I guess it is not out of line for me to ask how you know young mister Graham here?" Mrs Komeda continued and Franklyn could feel his ears prickling because the name seemed as familiar as the man's face and perhaps now he would find out why.

"We are colleagues of sorts," Dr. Lecter answered vaguely which earned him an odd look from Mr Graham.

"So you are also a psychiatrist then, Mr Graham?"

"No, I teach forensic criminal psychology and profiling at Quantico." Mr Graham took a sip of his whisky before adding, "We met when Hannibal was consulting on a case for the Behavioral Science Unit."

"I fear dear Will is being modest", Dr. Lecter mused. "Will is one of FBI's best profilers, though it is true that he prefers teaching over field work."

Franklyn was shocked, he would never have guessed that his own therapist also worked closely with the FBI, catching dangerous criminals together with an agent that looked like he stepped right out of a fashion magazine! How brave - and foolish - the good doctor was. Franklyn shuddered at the thought of Dr. Lecter risking his life in hot pursuit. It was like something out of a movie. In his awe and terror, and far removed from reality in his increasingly fantastical fantasies, Franklyn failed to notice the shift in Tobias with the change in topic. Franklyn, though he fancied himself to be a keen observer, was sometime as blind as a bat.

"Only when I don't have to grade papers", Mr Graham joked but no one seemed to notice.

“But it must be frightful, looking at dead bodies and catching killers, trying to understand why they do what they do”, Mrs. Komeda exclaimed and several others around them nodded in agreement. “It all seems so horrid, I could never stand it. You must be very brave Mr Graham or very foolish.” Franklyn couldn’t agree more.

“At the end of the day it’s a job like any other. It’s nothing like you would see on TV-shows, most days it’s a lot of paperwork and talking to people hoping to find out something useful.” Mr Graham sounded tired and a little sad even as he took another big sip of his drink.

“That’s enough talk about that”, Dr. Lecter said firmly before anyone had a chance to comment and placed a hand on the young man’s back. “I brought Will here tonight hoping to take his mind of work. We are all here to enjoy ourselves, are we not? So let’s talk of more enjoyable things. Morning will come soon enough to drag us all back from such pleasant company.”

So Dr. Lecter had brought Mr Graham, just as Franklyn had suspected. And he felt that he needed to know more of their relationship. They were obviously close and very comfortable with each other. The prospect of getting to know more about Dr. Lecter private life and of his close personal friends excited Franklyn more than the opera itself ever could. He was thanking his lucky star that he had gone through with this idea and that this night had given him so much already.

Mrs Komeda, heeding Dr. Lecter’s request to change the subject, seemed to have decided to go back to her earlier line of inquest. “Perhaps you could help inspire Hannibal to cook for us all once again Mr Graham”, she said with a grin. “You have tasted his cooking have, you not?”

Mr Graham chuckled. “In deed I have. Sometimes I even find myself suspecting Hannibal of fattening me up”, he jested with a wide grin and winked.

“If I didn’t take the time and effort to feed you on a regular basis I fear you would wither away to nothing”, Dr. Lecter ribbed with a fond smile. "I could not in good consciousness let dear Will starve now, could I?"

“He spoils me”, Mr Graham admitted, blushing and with his eyes turned down.

Dr. Lecter moved his hand from Mr Graham's back in order to slide his arm around the young man's waist, the look in his eyes one of devotion and utmost adoration. “I have entirely selfish reasons to do so, little mongoose”, he assured in a rather flirtatious manner before taking a sip of champagne. Mr Graham snorted out a short laugh but he still leaned in to Dr. Lecter's embrace.

Had Franklyn had a drink he would probably choked on it. As it was he had to stop himself from gawking. This Mr Will Graham was obviously Dr. Lecter’s lover. A young and very definitely male lover. Practaly Dr. Lecter’s *toy boy* ! Franklyn took another long look at Mr Graham, trying to take it all in. The soft chestnut curls, the sparkling blue eyes with long dark lashes, the natural rosiness of the lips, all of it. Mr Graham was stunning and they looked really good together Franklyn had to admit.

But Franklyn couldn't tell what he actually had thought of Dr. Lecter's love-life really, he shouldn't have assumed anything. He didn't think he had but he must have given his confused feeling now that he had realized the truth. Franklyn had without even realizing it assumed that Dr. Lecter was straight, that he was unmarried was not hard to guess since he'd never seen Dr. Lecter wear a wedding ring.

Still the fact that his therapist had a *boyfriend* made Franklyn feel a bit like his world had turned on it's head in a way that really didn't make much sense. It shouldn't matter, it didn't matter. Franklyn wasn't homophobic, he didn't judge and he supported gay marriage for Christ's sake. He just ... he just was surprised - yes, surprised - he told himself. It was okay to be surprised when you found out things you hadn't expected. He needed a few minutes to digest the information was all.

"Damn it! That's my phone." Mr Graham pulled a buzzing cellphone out of his pocket.

"Uncle Jack?" Dr. Lecter asked while giving the phone a disapproving look.

"Yes, who else? Excuse me, I have to take this or he will just keep calling." With that Mr Graham swiftly left to talk to this 'Uncle Jack'.

"He must be something special, Hannibal", Mrs Komeda said once the young man was out of earshot. "I've never heard you use pet names for any of your lovers before."

Franklyn nearly flinched at the plural but then told him self not to be stupid, of courses Dr. Lecter had had other lovers and had taken them to the opera or those dinner party's Mrs Komeda mentioned. In fact it would have been more odd if the psychiatrist hadn't had a string of lovers, Franklyn reminded himself. Dr. Lecter was gorgeous and charming and the sort of person that attracted the attention of others, certainly there must be plenty of people how would like to date a man like him. Not that Franklyn would know, he had a rather tragic love life, 'nice guy's finish last' as they say and Franklyn was prof of that.

"William is unique", Dr. Lecter smiled. "I find myself doing and feeling things I never expected where he is concerned." Mrs Komeda only smirked at this.

Then Mr Graham returned, looking annoyed and stressed.

"I have to go. Jack is picking me up."

"We should get our coats then", Dr. Lecter decided.

"If you come your rewarding him for bad behavior", Mr Graham protested but it was rather weak, a token mostly.

"Nonsense, Will. I suspects Jack already knows I'm here and if I come he won't be able to keep you working all night."

"Perhaps you could write me a doctor's note", Mr Graham suggested sarcastically.

Dr. Lecter smiled but didn't respond. Instead he said his goodbye's and ushered Mr Graham to get their overcoats. And then the good doctor was gone and Franklyn felt very out of place.

Luckily he had Tobias there to keep him company and somehow the rest of the evening passed without Franklyn really noticed.

Chapter End Notes

Franklyn never came of as all that interested in opera, it seemed more like an excuse to bump in to Hannibal really.

And thou Will is younger than Hannibal, calling him a toy boy is just Franklyn being overly dramatic (there will be more of that.) Plus he probably looks a bit younger than he is clean shaven.

A wish to touch greatness

Chapter Summary

Franklyn goes to his session with Dr. Lecter. It does not go as well as he'd like.

In the days that went between that night at the opera and his weekly session with Dr. Lecter Franklyn felt almost feverish with anticipation at the thought of seeing Dr. Lecter again and the things that they might say to one another. He had high hopes for their conversation and was sure that the possibility of a friendship between them would become as clear to the doctor as it was to himself. His memories of the night, the glimpses of Lecter's life outside his office.

The tidbit about the doctor's cooking skills especially had occupied Franklyn. He spent hours thinking of what a man like Dr. Lecter could possibly cook to inspire such awe. Food was also one of Franklyn's passions but he didn't really cook. It was one thing to enjoy food and another to actually be good at preparing it and Franklyn had never learned, though now he did consider the possibility of perhaps taking a cooking class.

When Franklyn got ready for his weekly session with his psychiatrist he took extra care with his clothes and made sure his beard was neatly trimmed. He had thought to perhaps update his wardrobe a bit but that might take some time. Unfortunately Franklyn didn't have a body-type suited for fashionable anything so he had to make do. He had thought about doing something to lose a few pounds or more but he wasn't athletic and didn't enjoy any type of sports.

He wondered how Dr. Lecter stayed so fit, it was hard to imagine the good doctor going to a gym. Franklyn's thoughts drifted to the young Mr Graham, who was slender rather than buff as FBI agents tended to be portrayed on TV. He assumed that agents had to stay in shape as part of their job. Franklyn figured that it might be easier to put in the effort to exercise if you had a clear goal. And then he felt a bit silly and told himself he had to get going, it wouldn't do to be late.

Dr. Lecter opened the door to his office with his usual greeting. The psychiatrist was dashing as always in a pinstriped ultramarine suit with a dark purple shirt and a tie that picked up both the colors of both the suit and the shirt in an intricate pattern. Franklyn was often amazed by Dr. Lecter's bold color and pattern choices.

“Would you like to discuss our chance encounter?” Dr. Lecter said after he sat down in the chair in the doctor's office. Usually Franklyn would have opened up the conversation before even sitting down but right at that moment he felt a bit tongue-tied.

Franklyn huffed out a short laugh at the choice of words but also in relief that he didn't have to figure out how to bring it up.

"It wasn't altogether by chance. I kind of thought you would be there", Franklyn admitted and right as he heard himself say it he knew that was the wrong thing to say. It sounded so *needy*; not at all something he wanted Dr. Lecter to think of him.

"That's not why I was there thou", he hurried to correct the impression even if he doesn't like lying to Dr. Lecter. "I – I was there because I like that sort of thing. It just occurred to me that you might like it too." Yes, that sounds better; it's a common interest after all. Hopefully one of many Franklyn tells himself.

"In fact I do", Dr. Lecter admitted with a small nod.

"I was trying to get you attention", Franklyn continued with a feeling of relief that it apparently it the conversation wasn't going as badly as he had feared.

"I was aware of that."

"I knew that you were. But you were pretending you weren't", Franklyn pointed out and leaned forward.

"It would be unethical for me to approach a patient, or acknowledge that we have a relationship outside of this room, until that patient gives consent", Dr. Lecter said sternly.

"But I don't know who you are outside of this room", Franklyn complained.

"I am your psychiatrist", Dr. Lecter answers sharply.

"I want you to be my friend."

"Of course you want me to, I know you intimately." Oh, how sweet that sounds; *I know you intimately*. Franklyn wants to know Dr. Lecter that well too, just as well as Dr. Lecter knows him. He wants to know everything, all there is to know and how the man thinks, what makes him tick.

"And we like the same things." Franklyn wasn't about to let himself be dissuade, after all intimate knowledge in a friendship couldn't possibly be a *bad thing*. "I think we would make great friends. It makes me sad that I have to pay to see you."

Dr. Lecter was silent and it was a barbed sort of silence that stretches out between them. Franklyn could feel the doctor's disapproval and it hurt him. He felt so frustrated that he broke eye contact and re-positioned himself in the chair with a small noise of irritation. *God! Why could this not go like he wanted it to? Why could Dr. Lecter not just accept his friendship?*

"I am a source of stability and clarity to you. I'm not your friend", Dr. Lecter said in a level voice. He said it like it was indisputable facts.

Franklyn leaned back in the chair; he felt defensive and couldn't help it. The line of conversation was going nowhere. But, he thought, it wasn't as if he had been told to leave. 'A source of stability and clarity' Dr. Lecter had said and it was true. But the way he said it, as if that and friendship were mutually exclusive, like they could not coexist. Franklyn knew it that wasn't true. Being friends wouldn't limit him or Dr. Lecter for that matter. No it would be good for both of them. Franklyn could give the doctor just as much as he himself would receive. No he was going to get the doctor to see his point some way, there had to be.

"I'm a great friend", he offered and sat back up again. "I was listening to Michael Jackson last night – and I burst in to tears. My eyes are burning right now just thinking of it." Franklyn had to take a breath to steady himself before he continued and he felt grateful for Dr. Lecter's small understanding nod urging him on. "You know what I think is the saddest thing about him dying? It's that I will never get to meet him. And I feel like if I was his friend I would have been able to help save him from himself."

"And in this Michael Jackson fantasy, how is your friendship returned?"

"I just get to touch greatness."

Never let your head rule your heart

Chapter Summary

Franklyn sits down in a pub and who would be in the booth next to him but Alana Bloom pouring her heart out to a friend and he hears a few interesting thing about her former mentor.

Alana thinks of Will as a sad puppy...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Franklyn had planed to meet Tobias at a quaint little pub with good reputation for their food as well as their wide assortment of beer, but Tobias had canceled at the last minute so Franklyn had gone by himself. He would have preferred company but figured that it would be sadder to stay in then to eat out alone. And Dr. Lecter had suggested that he should try to get out more and Franklyn wanted to follow that advice as much as possible.

So Franklyn got a small table and ordered himself one of the more expensive items in menu thinking that perhaps he could convince Tobias to come with him another time if he was able to give the food and the ambiances a good review. After all Franklyn trusted Tobias judgement and it only seemed fair that Tobias should trust his personal recommendation.

Eating alone is something Franklyn is sadly used to but he decided that there is no harm in listening in on the conversations of people around him. And if he were to indulge in little fantasies of being part of their lives, being their friend it wouldn't hurt them, they would never know. Soon two stunning women sat down in the booth next to him and Franklyn tried to surreptitiously take a look at them. After a few minutes of listening to them he had figured out that brunette, Alana, was having some trouble and her blonde friend, Mary, wanted to cheer her up.

"So what's with you? Why did you want to go out tonight? Not that I'm complaining."

"I just... ", Alana sighed, "want to drink and drinking alone doesn't seem to advisable."

"Okay, now you have to tell me."

"I feel like a fool is all. Kicking myself because I let my head take control over my heart."

"So is this about that cute scruffy guy with all those dogs? The dogs you're so willing to look after when he goes out of state for cases?"

"Yes, Will Graham." Alana sips her beer. "He has seven of them. They are really well behaved actually."

Franklyn had to stop himself from turning to them to ask if it could be the same Will Graham. It wasn't all that unique a name so it was possible that this was a completely different Will Graham. Scruffy wasn't a word that seemed to fit the young man he had met. And if not then Franklyn didn't want to ruin his chance to find out things if it indeed was Dr. Lecter's lover.

"And why are you here kicking your self here in a bar with me and not out in the Virginia sticks making out with said hottie? Seven dogs and all," her friend leered.

"Because I wish I had convinced Jack Crawford no to take him out in the field, getting him to work cases. I wish I hadn't suggested that he talk to Hannibal. I wish...", she sighed again. "I wish I hadn't been such a coward."

"So work got in the way then? You could still have a chance."

Alana shook her head. "I got in the way. I second guessed myself so much. I kept analyzing everything instead of taking action and dealing with my own feelings." It sounded very tragic to Franklyn and he felt sorry for her. He had missed out on romance himself by never being confident enough to confess his feelings so he could sympathize.

"You should never be reasonable when it comes to love, Alana. Love doesn't make any sense. But I thought he liked you?"

"I thought so too. But I was so worried that he wasn't in a good place, his job was making him unstable."

"Unstable? Don't he work for the FBI?"

"He does. But not as a field agent, he teaches at the Academy. Or he did before Jack Crawford. And Jack wanted me to help keep an eye on his mental health. And I know he hates therapy, and it would be hard for us to stay friends if I have to see him as a patient."

Well, there might be quite a few Will Grahams in the world but Franklyn doubted that there was two FBI Agents with the same name that teaches at the FBI Academy. Though it was surprising to hear about Graham's aversion to therapy, it seemed strange for a man in a relationship with a psychiatrist.

"No to mention that you'd rather have a make-out session than a therapy one", her friend added.

"That too. So I suggested Crawford could talk to Hannibal, see if maybe he could give his opinion on Will."

"Hannibal? Oh, you mentor at Johns Hopkins, Dr. Lecter?"

"Yes." Alana nodded. "Him."

So Alana wasn't only a friend of Mr Grahams, she had also been one of Dr. Lecter's students. She must have been a favorite if he had been her mentor too. And they still kept in touch. Franklyn wondered if the doctor and this lovely looking woman were friends even. It was easy to imagine them together, Dr. Lecter seemed to enjoy surrounding himself with beautiful as well as intelligent people.

"You know I heard a rumor about you two a few years back, the undergrads were talking. Was it true?"

To Franklyn it was unthinkable that a man like Dr. Lecter would do anything untoward with a student of his. Franklyn couldn't imagine why anyone would want to listen to such malicious gossip but he did understand the fascination with the good doctor. He was a man you took notice of after all. And apparently rather mysterious about his private life, wanting to keep it separate from work.

"What? No! I-" Alana blushed. "You shouldn't listen to idle gossip."

"But he is hot, if you're into that rich older guy kind of thing. The plaid suits are a little much but there is that accent."

"Please, don't." Alana tried to hide her face in her hands and groaned.

"Oh, come on. You think he's hot. Your blushing!" she giggled.

"Shut up!"

"Yeah, yeah..." She took a drink and continued. "So his Dr. Lecter's patient then, must be better than if he was yours. You think they talk about you?" she wiggled her eyebrows and grinned.

"Will is *not* Hannibal's patient. They are a couple."

"What?! Oh, that is just ... I don't even know what that."

"Neither do I."

"I should have guessed Lecter was gay."

"He is not gay. Not exclusively, I think." Her friend just gave her a look. "He was dating this really pretentious woman that worked in an art gallery, that's how I know." Alana explained.

"Well, if you say so." Her friend didn't sound all too convinced but she didn't press the issue.

"I'm awful, truly awful. I turned Will down, told him he wasn't stable enough to be in a relationship and now I'm jealous". She took a long sip of her beer. "He moved on, he had every right to and now I..."

"You thought he'd stick around, didn't you?"

"Yes. I'm a horrible person for thinking that."

They sat in silence for a few minutes and Franklyn was torn between wanting to ask them to tell him all they knew and worrying that he was being utterly rude and really should leave to go home and wallow in his shame. He was starting to feel bad about listening in to such a privet conversation and still he knew he wouldn't be able to stop himself.

Mary took Alana's hand and squeezed it. "Listen, I get it. He got that deer-in-headlights look, you know. It's hard to leave him."

"More like a sad lost puppy really."

"I guess I can see that, now that you mention it. You want to take him home, give him a bath and keep him for ever."

Alana nodded. "That is exactly it, but he's the kind of lost puppy that is hurt and frightened so he shows his teeth and growls."

"And you wouldn't risk getting bit. That makes sense, it's a reasonable."

"Hannibal not afraid and..." her voice trailed off. "Will isn't the type to ask for help, he doesn't like to relay on others. But I know he wouldn't hesitate to ask Hannibal for anything." They sat in silence for a while longer before she continued. "They seem happy", she concluded sounding really small. "I should be happy for them, I really care for both of them."

"But your not there yet. Give it time."

"I should have had more faith in Will. Plus I yelled at Hannibal when I found out." Alana looked really embarrassed of her rash reaction.

"That bad? What did you say?"

"I accused him of unethical behavior, said he could lose his license. He told me that Will was never his patient. I called him a liar. Told him I'd tell Jack."

"Wow, that most have been one hell of a conversation."

"Turns out Jack already knew. Made me feel like an even bigger idiot."

"I think you need another drink. More of the same?" The woman asked before she headed over to the bar. She came back with an other beer for Alana and a glass of red wine for herself.

"Who would have guessed he would be interested in Will of all people. A guy with seven dog and that sleeps in his living room is not someone you'd think a socialite be dating."

"He sleeps in his living room? That's really odd."

"He started sleepwalking after the Hobbs case. Moved the bed downstairs so he wouldn't risk walking of the porch roof or something with no one around to stop him."

"Wow. No wonder you worried about his mental health. Poor guy."

"It's a reaction to the stress Jack's cases puts on him. No one can predict what it's doing to him because no one really understands how his mind works. We don't even really know what he does let alone how, just that he has this uncanny talent for understanding how killers think. Like he can see right in to their minds without even meeting them."

Franklyn hardly believed what he was hearing. It sounded fantastical and like something out of one of those TV-shows where the main character has a unfathomable and unique talent, like ability to remember everything they ever experienced in vivid detail at will or having extremely good perception and extraordinary high intelligence.

"I've heard the rumors and all kinds of theory's on that. A lot of people say he is crazy, you know, so worrying about him being unstable isn't that strange."

"They say things like that because they are scared. Plus he doesn't make an effort to really make them change their minds. He does make friends easy and he doesn't really like people. But let's not talk about it any more. Tell me what's happening in your life, it must be more interesting than to hear me complain."

Franklyn finished his meal while listening to their conversation turn more mundane. He glad he had gone out and now he had a lot to think about.

Chapter End Notes

So Alana is in the story now, hope she doesn't seem to out of character. Obviously her kiss with Will and their back and forth has already happened and he moved on. Hannibal is the only one for Will after all.

Hope you like it!

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